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For the Myrtle.

The New Year.

Whatever all of us are entering
Upon an untried year,
There are joys within it yet unknown,
And toil and pain and fear.

What measure to us each must fall
Of pleasure or of care,
We may not know. 'Tis only ours
To wait with trust and prayer.

What lies to us in mystery,
To God is understood;
And all alike, with faith in Him,
Is beautiful and good.

We need not tremble nor despair,
Whatever shadows fall,
One Master plans the pain and joy,
One God is over all.

Then let us calmly take the path
Adown the opening year,
With trust in God and trust in man,
And love which conquers fear.

E. M. B.

The Manna.

Twas in the night the manna fell
That fed the hosts of Israel,
Enough for each day's fullest store,
And largest need — enough, no more.
For wilful waste, for prideful show,
God sent not angel's food below.

Still in our nights of deep distress
The manna falls, our hearts to bless,
And, famished, as we cry for bread,
With heavenly food our lives are fed.
And each day's need finds each day's store,
Enough, dear Lord, what want we more?

As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the value of time.

For the Myrtle.

How to be Happy.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.
PART I.



DO YOU know of any little girl who would make a good trusty nurse to take care of my children this summer?"

This question was asked by Mrs. Lee on the evening that she arrived at Mrs. Chatterton's, where she was to board for a few weeks, during the heat of the summer.

"There are plenty of little girls, such as they are," Mrs. Chatterton replied.

"But is there not one that you can recommend?" said Mrs. Lee.

"Not one that I would like to take the responsibility of saying was a first rate girl. I could name half-a-dozen that I suppose would answer your purpose, for they have been engaged from time to time, to take the care of children. But to say that I think any one of them first rate, I could not."

"Well, if they have answered the purpose for other mothers, I suppose they would for me. But I have always been very particular not to trust those who did not deserve to be trusted."

"I don't know what you would do now-a-days if you were to hold to that rule," said Mrs. Chatterton.

"Why," said Mrs. Lee, "I hope you don't think that all the children of this generation are unworthy of trust."

"Most of them are, if not all," Mrs. Chatter-

ton replied. "They are a flighty set, the whole pack of them. Not at all the kind of girls we used to be, when I was young."

"We are very apt to think that the world was better than it is. But if we were called on for reasons, and obliged to give them, I think we should find that we had been mistaken in our thought. I believe those who are wisest, and look at the world most narrowly, agree that it gets better and better, instead of worse and worse."

"Well, let those think so who can. I aint one of the kind who can, for my part."

"I do honestly think so, and should be very sorry to have to change my opinion. So tell me the best of the little girls living near you, and I will go and see if I can get her at once, for I must have some one to help me in the care of these restless children."

"I cannot tell you the best, for I have already told you that there is no best."

"But there must be some better than others," said Mrs. Lee.

"Well, I don't wish to be held responsible for saying that any of them are very good, when I know they are not."

"Tell me as good a one as you know, and I will not hold you to any responsibility about her."

"Well, there is Helen Lewis, that's as good as any of 'em I guess, but that's not saying much for her."

"And where does she live?" Mrs. Lee asked, glad to have got trace of anybody that could be tried, to assist her in the care of her children.

Mrs. Chatterton explained to Mrs. Lee that she would find Helen in a little house at the foot of the hill.

"But be sure and remember," she added, "that I didn't recommend her."

On these conditions Mrs. Lee went her way in search of the girl. She found her, as Mrs. Chatterton had said, in a little house at the foot of the hill.

There were a number of little children playing about the door of the cottage, and Mrs. Lewis was taking in her washing from the bleaching yard.

Both the mother and children were clean and tidy, and Mrs. Lee thought the prospect was very good for her to get help from such a family, that would serve her purpose well.

"I hear you have a daughter Helen, who goes out sometimes to care of little children," said Mrs. Lee.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lewis. "Will you walk in and see her?"

Mrs. Lee accepted this invitation, and walked into the cottage to find it as neat and tidy inside as it was outside, and Helen, a girl of twelve, seemingly just such a girl as she wished to engage.

"You have been out to take care of children before?" she asked.

"Oh yes, a good many times," Helen replied.

"And are you fond of children?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And do you get along well with them?"

"Very well, my mistresses always say."

"Well, I want to have you come to me for a time this summer and take care of my two little children."

"How old are they?" Helen asked.

"The oldest is four years old, and the youngest not a year old yet."

"Oh, I shall like the baby. I always like babies," said Helen.

"Well, if you like my children, and take good care of them, I shall like you," said Mrs. Lee. "And when can you come?" she continued.

"When do you want me?"

Helen answered one question by asking another.

"I want you at once. To morrow morning if you can come."

"Yes ma'am. I will come to you in the morning early, if you will tell me where you are boarding."

"At Mrs. Chatterton's."

"I know," said Helen. "She's not very good to little girls, and I have said that I never would go to anybody that was boarding with her again. But I suppose I can't have my choice of a place."

"No, I don't see that you can, very well. The place seems to me a very good one. I think you will get along with Mrs. Chatterton, if you try to be a good girl."

"Of course I shall try," said Helen. "But she won't believe anything good of girls, if they try ever so hard."

"It was through Mrs. Chatterton that I found you. So you are indebted to her for the opportunity of coming to me."

"Well, if she said anything good about me, or about any girl, behind our backs, it was more than she ever does to our faces. She is always calling us names, when we are with her. The

last time I was there, she called me a worthless jade, and bade me leave the house."

"Oh, well, well!" said Mrs. Lewis, interrupting Helen, "never mind what Mrs. Chat-terton says. She's on the whole as good to girls as the common run of folks. And I don't doubt that you tried her temper, or she wouldn't have sent you home."

"Is Helen a pretty good girl!" said Mrs. Lee to the mother.

"I suppose she's as good as girls average," Mrs. Lewis replied. "But children are not grown folks, either in judgment or care taking, and I suppose never will be. Helen tries my patience by her careless ways, sometimes, and I hope you will hold a pretty strict hand with her."

"I shall try to make a good girl of her," said Mrs. Lee. "It she tries to be good, and I have no doubt she will, I think we shall get on very well."

There was something encouraging in Mrs. Lee's manner, and Helen felt that it would be easy to be a good girl in her service. She replied,

"I will try to please you, ma'am. I always try to be good when folks is good to me."

"That is the rule of the world, I believe," said Mrs. Lee. "We help one another to be good, or bad, and have ourselves more to blame than any one else, if things do not go right with us, or ours."

"That is surely a very kind way of looking at things. I think Helen will get on well with you," said Mrs. Lewis.

"I am sure I shall," said Helen.

"Very well. We shall begin with good will, and I have no doubt but we shall get on."

"Thank you," said Helen, beginning to take a real interest in her new mistress. "I shall be sure to be happy and good with you."

"Happy and good." Mrs. Lee repeated these words over to herself as she walked away from the cottage.

"'Happy and good.' I wonder if these words belong together," she said. "Would all this world be good if the people were always happy? I remember to have heard that when bread is dear, more people are put in prison for stealing, and fewer when food is plenty. Now I wonder if this is not the reason for all wickedness? Should we be always good, if we were always happy?"

Thinking on and on about this great question, Mrs. Lee walked back to her boarding place, and many a longer time of thinking has been, and will be, before this question will be settled.

E. M. B.

Wise Lena.

I know a very wise little girl, who lives far away across the great ocean, in the beautiful land of Switzerland. When she speaks to the servants, or to her little playmates, she speaks German,—the language that is spoken in the city where she lives; but with papa and mamma, or little Jamie and Bertie, she speaks English. Last summer an American gentleman, who could not speak German, went to see Lena's papa, and found only the children and servants at home. Lena thought he ought to have some dinner, so she asked him in English what he would have, and then she told the cook in German, and very soon he was enjoying a nice dinner, which he could not have ordered for himself.

But it is not because Lena can speak two languages that I call her wise, nor yet because she is thoughtful of other people, but because she has a heart full of love; and love is wisdom.

I will tell you something she said one day, and you will agree with me that she is as wise as she is loving.

One day mamma had a headache and was lying on a couch. Lena and Jamie were in her room, and in some way Lena hurt her finger. Kind sisters make kind little brothers, and Jamie was full of pity for Lena. He stood sorrowfully at her side, petting her in his sweet way, and saying, "Poor Lena, poor Lena!" Then remembering that mamma was suffering too, he said, turning toward the couch, "Poor mamma!"

"No, no, Jamie," said wise little Lena quickly, "our mamma is not poor. Those mammas are poor who have no little children."

It all mammas are rich who have little children, how *very* rich those must be who have good, obedient, loving children. Don't you want to help to make your mamma a rich woman? You can do it by loving and obeying her, and if you love her enough, you will be pretty sure to obey her, because you will want to please her.

THE two colors which are indiscernible are invisible green and blindman's buff.



For the Myrtle.

Uses of Pigeons.

HATTIE NELSON was a dear, kind little girl, who was beloved because she was so gentle and sweet in her disposition.

The birds loved her as well as her human friends, and she had great pleasure in feeding and petting them.

You see her now at the window, ready to feed

the pigeons, who are so fond of her that they will eat out of her hand.

Hattie loves pigeons better than other birds. She reads of them in the Bible; or of the dove, the family of birds to which the pigeon belongs.

Noah had one of these beautiful birds in the ark with him, and sent it forth to find when the

waters were gone from the face of the earth. Think how welcome the dove must have looked to Noah when it came back to the Ark with the olive branch in its mouth.

The Psalmist speaks of this bird — wishes that he had wings like the dove that he might flee away and be at rest. Our Saviour drove the traders out of the Temple who were selling doves there, for these birds, beautiful as they are, have no right to get out of their proper place; and the Temple was not a dove-market.

Some nations have worshipped the dove. The Assyrians thought it an object worthy of worship. Pliny tells us that his countrymen, the Romans, were so fond of doves that they built towers for these birds on the roofs of their houses.

Of late years we have a new use for the pigeon. We send it as a letter carrier, and very safely and faithfully it performs this task. When a few years ago Paris was besieged by the Germans, pigeons were sent into the city and out from it, and thus thousands of letters were carried, which relieved the anxious hearts without and within the unfortunate city.

Doves are sometimes preachers. A pirate, who was a very wicked man, was obliged to go for water to a well near which were some Zenaida doves. When he heard their soft cooing it reminded him of his innocent childhood, and he sat down by the well and wept. His heart was so moved that he determined to leave his wicked ways and become good and happy. Thus the soft voices of these doves preached righteousness to him.

Do you wonder that Hattie loves the pigeons when they are so useful and so beautiful.

E. M. B.

Of all silent things, nothing speaks so loud as a silent church. The grave is still beside it, that only faintly whispers of dead bodies and speaks happily and peacefully of risen and redeemed souls, but the closed church cries forth in awful tones of warning that can be heard through all the region round, "Dead souls! Sleeping souls! Dead souls! Sleeping souls!" until he who listens is forced to cover his ears or bend his knee in prayer for the sleeping and the dead, or, what is better, go to work vigorously for their reviving.

"BUY the truth and sell it not."



For the Myrtle.

Our Pet.

WHO can wonder that we call her
Darling pet?
Who can wonder that with tears
Our eyes are wet?
When we think of all the sorrows,
Which may come
To our darling, on the earthward
Journey home.

E. M. B.

Birthday Hymn.

SMILE in kindly eyes I see;
And kindly arms are pressed round me;
And kindly voices now I hear,
That wish me many a happy year.

But there is yet a kinder e e
That gazes on me from on high:
The gracious Lord my prayer will hear
As I begin another year.

Almighty Friend, thy grace bestow;
Teach thy weak child thy will to know;
And guide me in thy faith and fear:
Oh, make me wiser every year!

Take pride and folly from my heart;
Bid sloth and selfishness depart;
Let me be humble, meek, sincere;
Oh, make me holier every year!

If more and more I prize thy word,
If more and more I love my Lord,
If more and more I feel thee near,
I shall be happier every year.

Still wiser, holier may I be,
A brighter, happier birthday see,
When I at last in heaven appear
To spend with thee an endless year.

As the sun is reflected in a spring when it is clear and limpid. so God is reflected in the soul of man when it is pure and spiritual.

The Brave Peasant.

In the city of Verona, in Italy, there was a large bridge over the river Adige. This river rises in the snowy mountains of the Tyrol, and runs with a rapid current. Upon the bridge there was a house, in which the toll-gatherer lived with his family.

By a sudden increase of the river, this house became entirely surrounded by water; and many of the arches of the bridge were carried away by the huge blocks of ice which floated down the current. The part of the bridge on which the house was built stood the longest, because it was the most strongly made; but it looked as if it must soon go with the rest.

The poor man and his wife and children uttered loud cries for help, which were heard by a great number of persons who stood on the banks. Everybody pitied them; but no one could do anything for them, because it seemed impossible that a boat could live in a river, running with such force, and so filled with blocks of ice.

A nobleman on horseback rode down to the banks of the river; and, when he saw the dangerous position of the family, he held up a purse containing two hundred ducats of gold, and said he would give it to any one who would save them.

But the fear of death kept everybody—even some sailors who were present—from making the attempt. In the meantime, the water rose higher around the house every moment.

At last an Austrian peasant felt his heart filled with pity for the poor people, and resolved to save them if he could. He sprang into a boat, pushed off from the shore, and, by his strength and skill, reached the house at last. But the family was numerous, and the boat was small; so that he could not bring them all at once.

He first took three persons, and conducted them safely to land; and then went back for the rest, and brought them away also. Hardly was this done, when the house, and the part of the bridge on which it stood, were carried away.

The brave peasant was hailed with shouts of joy and admiration. The nobleman offered him the purse of gold, and said that he well deserved it. But the peasant declined to take it, saying, "I did not do this for money. I am not rich; but I have enough for my wants; give it to the poor toll-gatherer, who has lost his all." And

then he went away without telling the people his name or where he lived.

The Little School Teacher.

Little Nellie had been to school occasionally with her sister. One day she took it into her head to play school at home. She arranged her dolls, standing them up against the wall, and taking her sister's grammar in her hand, she stood up before them, as she had seen the teacher do before her classes.

"Now children," she said, "I is doing to ask you your 'rithmetic lesson. You mus' be very good and tell me jus' right. Mamie, you tell me fus' What's ther diff'ence 'tween May Bower?"

Mary Brower was one of Nellie's friends.

"Two," she answered for her pupil.

"That's right."

"Now, Johnny, it's your turn. Ef free goes into two six times, how many is lef?"

"Eleven?"

"Right."

"Now, Rosy, you say. Ef you take an apple away from an orange, how many appies will there be?"

"Sixteen."

"That's right."

"Now 'ou has all learned your lesson very dood indeed intirely, and you may all do out and have recess."

Whereupon she threw down her book and hastened to tell her mother what good scholars she had.

My Way.

"It is my way," says a boy who never remembers anything that he is told; who leaves open gates; who forgets errands, and mislays every tool and every book with which he is trusted; and, for all the trouble he causes, he thinks it excuse enough to say, "It is my way."

"It is my way," says a little girl who snaps and snarls and scolds at her little brothers and sisters; who falls into sulks at the least word of reproof, however kindly given; and who keeps the family in hot water with her temper. "I can't help it; it's only my way."

Have no such "ways," children. — *Little Watchman.*

WE can do but little, at most; but we can do that little constantly.



Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— A member of the Salem parish has lately presented the Sunday School in Marblehead with a cabinet organ.

— We copy the following item as a text for a short sermon: "A little tea is an inexpensive addition to the attractions of a teachers' meeting, and say what we will about the grosser cares of the body, there is nothing which can so break the ice of formality and withal sharpen wit and give zest to mutual efforts as social intercourse about an hospitable board." Yet many of our societies and Sunday Schools are depending on the social tea for inducement to bring together their members, when real interest in spiritual work ought to be the motive of their assembling. A very pungent criticism of this gastric-Christianity, was overheard not long since in the conversation of two ladies. The one belonging to a society, which was famous for its ability to have good suppers, was inquired of by her friend, the day after an oyster supper had been given in the vestry, how it succeeded. "Oh, excellently well," she replied. "We are eating our way into the kingdom of heaven, like a rat gnawing into a cupboard."

MAINE.

— In Portland, a Sunday School concert, held recently, yielded \$34,000, so the papers report it. But undoubtedly it yielded in the good work of those who were engaged in it, much more than the dollar yield.

— Rev. A. Gage is doing an excellent work in Lewiston. The congregations are large — the Sabbath School prosperous — the debt on the Church carefully looked after, and all things kept in a healthful condition. The pastor likes his people because they in turn, "have a mind to work."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

— A Union State Sunday School Convention has lately been held in Manchester, which was really and truly union — several of our ministers having a voice in arranging the programme, and a prominent place assigned them in the proceedings, although the Convention was made up of all denominations in the State.

CONNECTICUT.

— A pleasant part of the services at the Universalist Sunday School recently, at Norwich, was the welcome home to Superintendent C. H. Dillaby, after an absence of seven weeks. The words "Welcome Home" were arranged on the wall in the rear of the desk, and during the session Miss Rosa White, who has been acting as superintendent during Mr. Dillaby's absence, presented him with an elegantly bound copy of Shakespeare's works, and a basket of choice flowers accompanied by an address of welcome. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Dillaby, who thanked the school for the expression of gratitude, but he was still further surprised the next morning by receiving from the same source a beautiful China tea set. The presents are to be prized in themselves, but the most lasting pleasure is in the fact that they were made by contributions from nearly every member of the school.

— The fourth of the series of Sunday School Institutes now being held in New London County, took place on Wednesday, Dec. 2d, in the Congregational church at Jewett City. The programme prepared by the committee comprised practical topics of interest to all interested in Sunday School work.

The mission of the pastor, the superintendent, and the teacher in connection with the topic entitled, "Sowing the Word," was considered in the morning session. The afternoon was mainly occupied by a specimen Bible service for the International Sunday School lesson for December 6th. In the evening an address was given by the Rev. John Davies, of Norwich, on the parent's mission in connection with the Sunday School work.

The morning session was prefaced by a prayer meeting; the afternoon session by a promise meeting; and the evening session by a praise meeting.

INDIANA.

— Our friends in the West win laurels with Sunday School entertainments, as well as our older schools in the East.

— The *Green Spring Sentinel* has this appreciative notice of a recent exhibition of the young people of our Castalia Church; "We had the pleasure of attending an exhibition at the Universalist Church near Castalia, on last Wednesday evening. We were surprised to see the excellent manner in which the young people rendered their respective parts. Almost without exception they played like old performers."

— The splendid Sunday School of the Lafayette Church, Bro. Rogers superintendent, gave one of its attractive entertainments recently, which called out the following notice from the daily of that city: "The Sunday School entertainment given at the Universalist Church last Wednesday evening, was attended by over five hundred persons, completely filling the room. The singing of the school was excellent, and the recitations of the scholars, as a rule, well delivered."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

— It is a welcome word from Washington, that in the midst of the struggle, in which the faithful few Universalists in that city are engaged, they are not forgetting the importance of the Sunday School. W. B. Gove writes us, that they have recognized the school, and are putting their energy into it, with the hope that their future will be brighter than their past.

Earning Money for the Missionary Box.

The *Guiding Star* tells the children how the Missionary Box may be made heavy with pennies: "When a collection was to be made in a Sabbath School, some time since, it was proposed that each child who gave should enclose his money in a slip of paper, telling in what manner it had been earned; and having been much interested in reading these little scrolls ourselves, we thought it would be pleasant to others to see some of the many ways in which the little folks can make pennies for themselves, so as to have something to give without calling upon their parents."

"On one of these papers we find, 'Ten cents for reading to mother'; on another, 'I earned this money by whitewashing our new spring house'; on a third, 'Ten cents for making bread and keeping house'; on a fourth, 'I earned this by taking care of sister Maud'; on a fifth, 'For keeping mother's room in order'; a sixth has, 'Twenty cents for improvement in music'; a seventh, 'Ten cents for not crying when I fell down steps'; an eighth, 'For carrying a telegram to the office'; a ninth had 'Made twenty cents by doing what she was told without asking why'; a tenth had been 'Keeping mother's yard in order'; an eleventh had 'Earned five cents by waiting on grandma'; and so on for a great many more."



Lesson for the New Year.

JAMES iv. 13-16.

We are at the beginning of a new year, my dear young friends, and we find in our Bible a word just suited to our need. In the text from which we give you your lesson to-day, we are taught how we ought to look forward to the years, and what we ought to say when we speak of the work which we hope to do in them. It is very natural for us to lay our plans for the weeks and months before us, as if we were quite sure that everything was coming to pass just as we had planned it; and we too often speak of these plans as if they were certainties.

Now we are told in the Bible that we cannot even know what shall be to-morrow. Neither you nor I know that we shall be alive at sunrise to-morrow morning. Many persons have died, or are dying to-day, who were as strong and well yesterday as we are now. We are told that our life is even as a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. You have all of you seen the fog lying in the valleys on a summer morning before the sun has risen, which in an hour's time has all been lifted and moved away. This moving vapour is the figure which is used here to indicate the shortness of our life.

It is not intended that this statement should frighten us. There is nothing in death from which we should shrink in terror. This warning is only given us as a reminder that God's ways are not our ways, and that we must always make our plans with the thought in our mind that they may not be carried out, — with the certainty that they *will* not be if God wills otherwise.

Therefore, we are not to say, "To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and buy and sell and get gain, and continue there a year." For we do not know that we shall have a to-morrow on the earth — much less do we know that we shall be able to continue in any earthly city for a year.

Do not misunderstand our teaching. We are not saying that you shall not make any plans for 1875. It would be a strange, disordered world, if no one made plans beforehand as to what they would do, and how they would accomplish their work.

All that we are taught here is that we should not plan as if our plans were not to be over-ruled by the plans of God.

We are told that we must say "if the Lord will, we shall live to do this or that." This, then, is our lesson on the first Sunday of the year, that we will strive to be all that God wishes us to be, that we will strive to do all that He wishes us to do, and when we have thus striven, we will be reconciled to His will, if He thwarts our plans, and sends us in paths of which we, before His leading knew not.

— How many parents know anything of the quality of instruction their children are receiving in the Sunday School! Yet they ought to know, and if it is not all it should be, they should bend their energies to secure a better care over the spiritual well-being of their little ones.



Enigma.

I am composed of forty letters.

My 1, 10, 31, 8, 28, a wicked king that little babes did slay

My 36, 5, 9, 35, 8, 31, is one who taught us how we ought to pray.

My 26, 5, 7, 37, 35, 7, 2, 10, the place in which much of Christ's life was spent.

My 32, 20, 13, 11, 35, 7, 40, 36, a race to whom the Jews thought Christ not sent.

My 5, 23, 34, 31, 40, 19, was one of the disciples of our Lord.

My 37, 38, 39, 35, 17, 26, 29, 5, 3, 4, 10, 31, God's relation as revealed in His Word.

My 13, 5, 35, 14, 11, 12, where David fled to escape Saul's power.

My 16, 35, 36, 22, a man of Benjamin.

My 7, 18, 6, the righteous man who escaped from Sodom.

My 28, 24, 21, 4, 5, 13, is the place where Joseph's brethren sold him.

My 25, 27, 30, only an adverb you will find to be.

My 33, an interjection often used in glee.

In the book of John you will find my text,

O let us learn it well;

For God to know, and thus be blest

With love our hearts must swell.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Who said, "Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh"? To whom did he say it?

Who encouraged himself in the Lord his God?

Who said, "Let my father and mother, I pray thee, be with thee"? How long?

Who was refreshed by the music of a harp? What else is said of him? Who played the harp?

What other name had Gideon? What does it mean? Why was it given him?

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